

ATTRACTIVE PACKAGE BOOSTS MARKET PRICE OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS

By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.

A New York business man who was forced to a New Jersey suburb on account of broken health, is making a good living by repacking fruit and vegetables which he buys from farmers and truckers, repacking them, and selling direct to consumer. He drives on an average 20 miles, and the outdoor life has completely restored his health. Three years ago this man commenced business with a one-horse wagon. He repacked his fruit and vegetables with the aid of a small son, drove his own wagon and conducted the entire business practically alone. He now owns two double team wagons, and two single horse wagons, covering four routes, each from 12 to 15 miles long. This fall he will supplant the two-horse wagons with a light auto truck, as he has demonstrated that he

is ticked gauze to protect them from insects.

All root vegetables are carefully washed, topped and bound in bunches. Tomatoes are graded and repacked in clean baskets, and no damaged vegetables are offered for sale.

This man can prove by his books that he makes a net profit of from 25 to 100 per cent by his method of handling and marketing.

There is no reason why the men who grow the fruit and vegetables should not make equally as big a profit, provided they possess the faculty for organization and the patience and pride necessary to put up their products in a style that will most readily attract the eyes of their customers.

This New York huckster uses covered wagons with three decks. Upon



Packing Products to Please Customers.

can cover a much larger territory with one of these vehicles and thereby save the wages of one man.

This man is simply doing what the farmers and fruit growers from whom he buys his supplies ought to do themselves if they would make all the profit there is to be made in the business. Growing the crop is not all of the game. Marketing is a good half of it, and perhaps even more. This New York self-made huckster buys fruit and vegetables just as they come from the farmer's wagons. They are delivered at his place, often covered with dirt, the fruit bruised and scratched, vegetables untrimmed and all generally unsorted.

The fruit, particularly, the larger varieties, such as apples, peaches and pears, are carefully sorted and graded by the huckster, the apples washed, and the fruit is packed in small boxes or baskets, clean, uniform and highly attractive in appearance. Small fruits, such as cherries and berries are often dumped out of their original packages as they come from the farmers, sorted and repacked in clean boxes. Cherries are packed in boxes that hold from one-half to one peck and over the top

these decks his fruit and vegetables are neatly arranged, and everything the wagon contains is covered with light cloth to keep off the dust and insects.

He has a large list of regular customers among the residents of the numerous small towns of his vicinity, who buy all their fruit and vegetables from him, because they can depend upon getting them fresh, clean and sound. Of course this man's trade is mostly among women, and he leaves nothing undone which will attract their attention, and arouse their interest in the cleanliness and good condition of his product. His wagons are washed daily, his horses well groomed, and the harness kept clean and shiny.

Once or twice a month he buys a big lot of sweetpeas or other flowers, makes them up into small bouquets and presents one to each of his customers.

The attentions such as these always make a friend of the customer, and this man has found that nothing counts more in his business than this kind of attention added to politeness, and an honest desire to please the people with whom he does business.

comfortable place to rest and digest their food during hot weather.

In warm weather put the coops for growing chicks in or near natural shade or provide artificial shade.

Do not keep a lot of spare males, which will not be needed next season, during the summer and fall to eat food, worry the hens and make the eggs more likely to spoil.

It is almost impossible to succeed with turkeys unless one is able to furnish a wide range, for turkeys do not prosper in confinement.

The Invitation.

Two recruits in a Scottish regiment were visiting an English church for the first time. They had not been seated long before the organist began to play a very lively voluntary. This was something new to them, and they listened in astonishment, not being used to music of that sort in church. One of them was then aroused from a reverie by a tap on the shoulder. Turning around, he saw a lady, the owner of the pew, who smiled at him, wishing to pass to her seat. He did not take in the situation. "No, no, mum," he said. "Take my mate here—you'll find he can dance much better than me!"

Eyeglasses for a Diver.

A new eyeglass has been patented for the use of submarine divers. It is well known that the human eye does not function properly under water, objects appearing badly blurred and distorted. This is due to the fact that the speed of light in water is different from the speed of light in air, and hence the light rays enter the eye with a different angle of refraction. The eye, being designed for focusing rays coming through the air, is unable to focus rays coming through the water.

The Frog.

"Please don't call me Frog," said the little boy whose nickname was Frog. "Frog means a good jumper," the other boy answered. "Yes," said the first one, "but I don't swallow my skin."

Odd Facts About Babies.

Incubators for babies were used by the ancient Egyptians.

In many countries the belief is held that babies born at precisely twelve midnight are endowed with occult powers.

In some parts of Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a newborn baby to keep evil spirits away.

If you rock an empty cradle, you will rock a new baby into it, is a superstition that is almost everywhere prevalent.

In the British museum are specimens of babies' feeding bottles dating to between six and seven hundred years before Christ.

Statisticians tell us that 20,000,000 babies are born into the world each year—about seventy a minute, or more than one every second.

Everywhere and always more boys than girls are born into the world, the proportion approximately being 1,040 male infants to 1,000 female.

Twin babies are not always born on the same day. A little while back a workman's wife at Barrow, in Lancashire, England, gave birth on February 24 to a son. Six weeks later a girl was born. These babies, said the doctor, were undoubtedly twins, notwithstanding the unusually long period intervening between the two births.

Americans to Become Human Penguins Unless They Walk More, Says Student of Feet.

America's physical foundation—the feet and legs of her citizens—is unsound, if we are to believe P. A. Valle, who has made a study of feet. If we do not discard the present monstrosities in footwear and get into the habit of walking, using our legs and feet instead of the automobile and street car, he says we will become human penguins.

He calls attention to the fact that Dr. Lloyd Brown, the examining physician at Harvard, found that 500 of 740 members of the 1910 freshman class stood in a manner that indicated "a potentiality for sickness," and that 470 of the 500 students had feet and legs so imperfect that they were ineligible for military duty.

Lack of leg exercise is supposed to be the cause of this condition.

Mr. Valle says that the American woman has neglected herself for so long that her legs and feet are suffering malformations. There is no longer in her leg the beauty of the classic line.—Popular Science Monthly.

SOME SMILES

No Transfer. "Jibbles married for money, you say?"

"Yes." "Where's the money now?" "Still right where it was when he married for it."

Likely. "Your wife goes to the country, eh?"

"Yep." "Oh, you! Kicking over the traces a bit, eh?"

"Well, not exactly. But I had a poker party at the house the other night. And I'm afraid she'll be kicking over the traces when she gets back!"

Family Secrets. "Is your father a commuter, little boy?"

"Not yet, sir, but I 'spect he's going to be. I heard ma say he was going to git his sentence commuted."

The Usual Piece of Mind. "Pa, mother's lookin' for yer."

"What's she want of me now?"

"She don't want nothing of yer, but she says she's goin' to give yer something."

Very Much So. "I hear Chloe was much cut up by William's conduct, Mandy."

"So she was, ma'am, so she was. But it wasn't conduct, ma'am, it was his razah."

Birds of a Feather. Billy—Say, what do dey mean by a smoker's set?

Jimmy—Dat's a cinch. It's de crowd what hangs round de cigar store.

Self-Evident. "Talking about age, Miss Nancy seems to be holding her own."

"You bet she does. Nobody else has ever succeeded in getting hold of it."

Quite Necessary. "Blinks prides himself on being blunt. He says he always calls a spade a spade."

"Well, he could hardly get one at a hardware store if he called it a spatulum, could he?"

Sensitive About It. "Ah," said the visitor, "this village boasts a choral society, I understand."

"No," said the native, "we never boast of it."

Battles Which Made the World

JOAN OF ARC AT ORLEANS

How the Holy Maid in Shining Armor Kept France From Becoming English, Only to Meet Her Death in Fire.

By CAPT. ROLAND F. ANDREWS

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Cresay declares that had not Joan of Arc won her victory over the English and raised the siege of Orleans in 1429 France would have become another Ireland, under the yoke of the triumphant English, and never could have developed those powers which have made her such an influence in the arts and letters and on the manners and feelings of all mankind. The Regent Bedford informed his royal nephew, Henry VI, that all would have gone well and that France would have been as English as England herself had not Joan miraculously appeared to break the English power at the fateful city.

It is not possible here to discuss the mystic personality, the tragically romantic career and the pitiful end of the Maid of Orleans, but there is not the slightest question that to her and to her alone was due the Orleans victory. It is true, of course, that Du Bois, La Hire and some of the other French generals did not hesitate at times to deviate from the letter of her orders in purely military technique, but the inspiration of her presence was the actuating power of the French arms as it was a depressant upon the previously irresistible English, while in higher strategy, as in utilization of the psychological effect, her powers of divination were uncanny. To Joan belongs the glory of driving the English out of France.

With her population starving, the English ravaging her at will, a foreign king proclaimed in her capital and her own disolute prince trifling at Orleans, the affairs of the kingdom were in desperate state when the peasant girl at Domremy, directed by the heavenly voices she heard, or believed she heard, brought herself to the rescue. Orleans was the last stronghold of the French national party. With that city once in their possession the English could pursue their course through the rest of the kingdom without serious obstacle. So to the siege of Orleans came Salisbury, soon to be slain by a cannonball—cannon figuring in this siege for the first time in history—but to be succeeded by the equally skillful and experienced Suffolk. Salisbury carried the Tourelles, the fortification which guarded the head of the bridge across the Loire, but the French broke down the bridge itself, thus preventing the successful army from entering the city. Erecting a series of strong works the English set themselves down to wait the aid of famine, pestilence and exhaustion.

It was then that Joan succeeded in making her way into the presence of the Dauphin, Charles. So powerful were her arguments, so amazing her presence and so rapidly expending her influence with the soldiery and the people that Charles and his advisors, no matter what they may have thought privately as to her powers, felt justified in employing her. Thus "The Holy Maid," clad in shining white armor, striding a majestic war horse and carrying lance and pennon which she handled with the skill of a veteran, came to the command of the armies of France.

Joan's first exploit was so sensational as to make startling impression upon the superstitious soldiery. Marching from Blois with re-enforcements and provisions for Orleans she succeeded under cover of night and a terrific thunderstorm in marching right through the works of the English into the city itself. Here the whole population swarmed about her for the privilege of touching her cloak while overwhelmingly ready with acceptance for the assertion that she was guided by angels.

As the start of her offensive campaign Joan, mounting the wall of the town, called upon the English holding the captured Tourelles to depart under peril of being visited by judgment of God. Gladsdale, who commanded the post, only replied that he was not a saint, but a man. Then for days Joan did nothing, until finally Du Bois, growing impatient, took advantage of an afternoon when she rested to rally forth for an attack on the bastille of St. Loup, one of the most formidable of the English investing works. So warm, however, was the reception he got that his troops broke and fled, the uproar rousing Joan, who galloped to the scene in all her shining armor and with her white banner flying over her. At once the Orleansnais rallied, returning to the attack with Joan at their head in what the English afterward called "the charge of hell." St. Loup was stormed, carried and all its defenders put to the sword, save only a few whom Joan was able to save. This was her first sight of battle. She wept as she looked upon the dead and wounded.

Next Joan put her forces in boats and crossed the river, storming and capturing two of the English bastions at the south. In this engagement she was wounded in the heel, but undismayed she determined upon an immediate assault against the Tourelles, strongest of the English posts and the key to the city. Early on the morning of May 7 she compelled her thousands to attend mass, fortified them over the river and began a furious assault against the tete du pont. With Gladsdale's men resisting desperately she

planted her banner on the edge of the fosse, sprang down into the ditch, placed the first ladder against the walls and began to mount. As she rose an English archer drove an arrow through her corselet wounding her cruelly between neck and shoulder. As she fell the English leaped from the wall to make her prisoner, but her devoted French bore her to the rear, where the sight of blood and the anguish of her hurt first made her cry, but in a moment she sat up, drew the arrow from her body with her own hands, betook herself for a few moments to prayer, and then rushed back into the fray to find the discouraged Du Bois ordering a retreat.

"By my God," she cried to the army, as she pointed toward the Tourelles, "you shall soon enter there. When you see my banner wave again up to the walls, to your arms again! For the fort is yours."

Heading the second rush she terrified the English, for they had thought her slain and now saw her apparently risen from the dead. The Biscayan soldier who was now bearing her banner pushed it forward from the fosse until it touched the wall, whereupon the French swarmed up the ladders, aided by the troops who had been left in the city, but who now placed planks across the ruined bridge and rushed to the attack. Gladsdale striving frantically was sighted by Joan, who cried out to him, "Surrender! Surrender to the king of Heaven." The hard-pressed English leader disdained her summons, but at that moment a cannon shot carried away the bridge on which he was standing and he fell to death by drowning in the moat. With his death the English abandoned resistance. Three hundred had died in this one fight. Two hundred were taken prisoners. The remaining English abandoned the siege.

Within three months Joan had fulfilled the first part of her promise, the relief of Orleans. Within three months more she stood with her banner at the high altar in Rheims and saw Charles VII. anointed king of France.

Her devoted service lasted long after. It ended only with her capture at Compiègne, her sale to the English and her martyrdom at the stake in Rouen. She had saved France. France permitted her to be burned alive.

WOULD TRAVEL FASTER THEN

Driver of Powder-Laden Wagon Tells Critical Youth How He Can Make Better Time—In One Direction.

An employee of a large American granite company was once driving from a railway station with several casks of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his load, when he overtook a young man walking. Without waiting for an invitation, the pedestrian climbed into the wagon and sat down upon one of the powder casks. He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon, or, rather the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said, cheerfully—"that is, everything that is stationary." Not receiving a reply, he continued, "I had half a mind to hire a landslip or a glacier just for speed, you know, but I suppose we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time; then he broke forth with:

"I say, stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to scratch a match on the cask.

"If you are goin' my way," said the driver lazily, "this is just as fast as it will be; but, if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road, jest light that match on that blasting powder—and you're there now."

The young man decided to walk.

Women as Fortune Builders.

I observe, and you will notice, that notwithstanding the great incursion of women, of late years, into one or another departments of business, they are not of much account as fortune-builders. Some of them earn or make a good deal of money, but they seldom get rich by their own exertions, and nearly all the rich women have inherited their fortunes from men. Moreover, the women who are most successful as money-makers are not, as a rule, the most successful as women. The women seem to be a consecrated sex, too valuable to be employed in mere money-getting. Vast numbers of them earn a living—sometimes a good one—and have to; but few of them get rich. It is common for a young man to start out deliberately to accumulate a fortune. It is uncommon for a young woman to do so. She is much more likely to accumulate a young man—E. S. Martin, in the Atlantic.

Worse Than Death.

Visitor—Isn't it terrible to think that the vessel yonder may dash on the rocks and every soul on board perish?

Old Salt—Yes; but isn't it more terrible to think that maybe the crew's working themselves to death, and perhaps there's not a bit o' bacon aboard the entire craft?—London Tit-Bits.

HE ADDED IT TO THE BILL

Hotel Manager Surprised Actress Who Was Accumulating Furnishings for New Apartment.

Accustomed to the laxer scrutiny that prevailed on the road and having in the past furnished in part several flats with the loot picked up in various hotels, the actress had during her winter in New York been assiduously robbing her breakfast and other trays of things that might help to furnish the apartment which she contemplated as a summer retreat. Even linen and occasional pieces of bric-a-brac as fine as the hotel supplied went into her trunk against the day of moving into the new apartment.

Finally the time came, the apartment was rented and the hotel manager was requested to send her up her bill, as she was going to leave. In due time the bill arrived. To her horror it exceeded by at least \$150 the sum she had expected.

Instead of merely the account for the last week, there were charged napkins, spoons, knives and forks and similar articles which had disappeared. The account was surprisingly accurate. She had to admit that even in her agitation.

Of course, it was necessary for her to register indignation and send for the manager. He arrived, armed with a list of what she had sought to appropriate, as well as the dates on which the things had disappeared. It was useless to struggle.

"Just unpack them," he said in an entirely businesslike way, "and I will deduct them from the account."

It was humiliating. There was no doubt of that. But there was in reality only one way out. The manager retired. The trunks were repacked. The substantial pile of household goods was put on the bed for his inspection.

Carefully a maid checked off the list. The revised bill was sent and the check for it delivered. Then without the savings of a whole winter the guest retired. But it was with a gnashing of teeth and a deeply muttered curse that left no doubt as to the emotions of the lady on departing from the hotel.

Austria's Quicksilver Mines.

"The quicksilver mines of Idria used to attract many American tourists every season, even though an inspection of the works necessitated an eight hour (round trip) journey by diligence from Loitsch, a village 22 miles by rail southwest of Laibach, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. In peace times, 1,200 men are employed in the works, which are situated on the right bank of the river Idria about half a mile from the center of the village. The ore is cinnabar of unusual richness, yielding six per cent quicksilver. The purified product is put up in steel or iron bottles, each containing 76 pounds of the liquid metal, or in sheepskins containing 55 pounds each. About 40 tons of the annual output is converted into pigments (vermillion) in Idria, thus constituting a subsidiary industry.

Women's Rights in Philippines.

Women in the Philippines, from Iloilo to Iugano and from Kalinga to Moro, have a lot to say about the way things are run.

My first realization of the different status of Philippine womanhood came on the Pacific steamer on which I last returned to the United States. A young Filipino wanted to wrestle with some of the Japanese on board. But his wife was with him and she feared she would lose a husband in the melee. She vetoed his desire with considerable ease and perfect effectiveness. If she had been a Chinese, Japanese or Indian of the same class her husband would have wrestled as long as he wanted to, or could, and the woman in the case would have kept her mouth shut. In the Philippines I have observed that the woman holds the purse and the gavel.—Christian Herald.

When "Ada" Were Modest Appeals.

A hundred years ago the "modest appeal," rather than the "beating of the big drum," was everywhere regarded as the acme of good advertisement, says The Christian Science Monitor. So James Plattford, in issuing at that time an invitation to all and sundry, through the columns of Cowdroy's Manchester Gazette, in England, to visit his Flora Gardens, would rather do anything than overstate his case.

Deeply impressed with gratitude for the many favors conferred on him, he begs leave to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that the above garden is now open for the entertainment of those who will favor him with their company. He has also to inform them that a very respectable band of music will perform every Thursday evening, when the admission will be one shilling each.

Looked Easy.

"I once caught a glimpse of a celebrated author at work on a novel."

"Did he seem to be laboring very hard?"

"No. His secretary was doing all the work. The celebrated author was standing by a window and gazing dreamily into the street while he dictated a few terse paragraphs."

Doing His Share.

"Are you doing your duty to your country?"

"Well, I've given up buying for myself any of the luxuries and got my wife to quit wishing for the things we can't afford, if that's what you mean."

Home Town Helps

MAKING BACK PORCH USEFUL

Vines, Hammocks and Plants, Employed With Discretion, Turn It Into a Cool Resting Place.

One may easily turn his back porch to account by a little planning. To turn the back porch into a cool resting place the use of vines and hammocks and plants has proved successful. These forms of decorations used with discretion cool off the interior of the house, keeping out the heat from the scorching asphalt streets.

Permanent wooden roofs are not necessary for verandas and improvised loggias. Awnings will easily serve this purpose in many instances, for they can be run up and down at every change of the barometer and rob the house of sun in the winter.

So-called front piazzas, structures that have roofs running all around the first story of a house and sometimes only around one side, could have its roof flattened, hung with awnings and made into a lounging place for a family upstairs. A house may not present a good appearance of itself, but the piazza may make it the most interesting dwelling place on the street.

A green and white awning hung from the roof makes a nice appearance. Boxes of red and white geraniums placed on the rails, fastened with vines falling on the rail adds to the artistic effect. Turkey-red curtains also add charm. Stray tables, chairs, hammocks, bird cages and flowers on stands and big pots may be so arranged as to make a comfortable lounging place.

LIMITING SIZE OF CITIES

Speakers at Town Planning Conference Place Ideal Population for Municipality at 300,000.

Rodney H. Brandon, speaking before the Ad club on the worth in dollars and cents of a citizen to a community in which he lives, declared that the inhabitant value decreases in proportion to the increase in population, says the Des Moines Capital. The larger the city, after a population of 25,000 has been reached, the less is each inhabitant worth to the property owners.

This brings up the question, which is receiving more serious attention every year, of how large our cities should be.

At the recent national conference on town planning in Kansas City a speaker from Dallas declared that his ambition was to see Dallas with a population of 300,000, and that he did not want it to become any larger. Other speakers concurred in the idea.

A city of 300,000 has all the urban advantages the individual could want. It has parks and modern playgrounds, the best there is in stores, factories, residences, transportation facilities and the other accomplishments and conveniences of the modern metropolis.

The ideal plan would be to require a certain area of agricultural land to each community according to its population. Then when a city reached its maximum, it would have to branch out.

FORGETFUL

He called for a city beautiful; He shouted it day by day; He wanted a city where noise was not, Where the spirit of art should sway; He wanted a city that should be fair, Where alth might never be seen, And forgot, in spite of the zeal he had, To keep his back yard clean.

—The Congregationalist.

Test Soil in Selecting Site.

A problem that should be solved by the wise prospective purchaser of a building site is whether the soil at the depth of the cellar is gravel, clay, sand or simply rubbish and tin can filler. It is always advisable to make such a test, even in a familiar neighborhood. The general character of the neighborhood, type of residents, restrictions, if any, and whether the lot will appreciate in value and prove a good investment are other important factors to be considered in choosing a home site.

The amount of money available for building investment will to some extent determine the choice of the site's location. Sentimental, business or professional reasons frequently cause the selection of a site over one just as well adapted for a desirable home location. The advice of a good architect is of value from the very beginning of the desire to construct a home.

Building Codes Deficient.

There are more than 100 cities in the United States of upward of 50,000 population where the building code has not been properly worked out on the basis of a right and intelligent use of woods, according to the statement of a prominent lumber man. The same authority emphasized the importance of making wooden shingles more fire resistant, so that there can be a wider use of these materials within the fire limits of cities.

WISE AND OTHERWISE

The hen that sits on a china egg is better off.

Premature gray hair is what causes the good to dye young.

Some men are engaged once too seldom and some once too often.

Women are naturally credulous when their portraits flatter them.

When the king loses he always comes within an ace of winning.

Satan never gets tired of jollying people who maintain they are prize beauties.